

A U

A

643.d.18.

COMEDY, 3

OF TWO ACTS. 841.d.38  
3

As perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE.

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By Mr. F O O T E.

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L O N D O N :

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## E R R A T A.

PAGE 21, Line 20, for *understand* read *misunderstand*.  
Page 22, Line 9 for *Cape*. read *Spri*.  
Page 22, Line 26, for *and* read *if*.

G U E,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVRE their Task, who in this critic Age,  
With fresh Materials furnish out the Stage!  
Not that our Fathers drain'd the comic Store;  
Fresh Characters spring up as heretofore—  
Nature with Novelty does still abound;  
On every Side fresh Follies may be found.  
But then the Taste of every Guest to hit,  
To please at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;  
Require's at least—no common Share of Wit.

Those, who adorn the Orb of higher Life,  
Demand the lively Rake,\* or modish Wife;  
Whilst they, who in a lower Circle move,  
Yawn at their Wit, and slumber at their Love.  
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,  
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;  
The polish'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,  
And cries,—“ ’twill please the Gall'ries well enough.”  
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,  
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders smile?

To dash the Poet's ineffectual Claim,  
And quench his Thirst for universal Fame,  
The *Grecian* Fabulist, in moral Lay,  
Has thus address'd the Writers of this Day.

Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,  
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,



Purchas'd a

To ease their L

But as the sluggish Anina

They fear'd, if both should mount, M

Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the M

And through the gazing Crowd attempts to pass;

Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,

And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.

"This the Respect to reverend Age you shew?

"And this the Duty you to Parents owe?

"He beats the Hoof, and you are set astride;

"Sirrah? get down, and let your Father ride."

As Grecian Lads were seldom void of Grace,

The decent, duteous Youth, resign'd his Place.

Then a fresh Murmur through the Rabble ran;

Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.

"Sure never was brute Beast so void of Nature!

"Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?

"To your own Baby can you be unkind?

"Here—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the Child behind."

Old *Dapple* next, the Clowns Compassion claim'd;

"'Tis Wonderment, them Boobies ben't agham'd.

"Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beast!

"They might as well have carry'd he at least."

The Pair, still pliant to the partial Voice,

Dismount and bear the As—Then what a Noise!—

Huzzas—Loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,

From the yet silent Sire, these Words provoke.

"Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,

"Vain his Attempt, who strives to please them all!

E,

by a LADY,  
And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Task,  
And now throw off this awkward, idiot Mask.  
Cou'd we suppose this Circle so refin'd,  
Who seek those Pleasures that improve the Mind,  
Cou'd from such Vulgarisms feel Delight;  
Or laugh at Characters, so unpolite?  
Who come to Plays, to see, and to be seen;  
Not to hear Things that shock, or give the Spleen;  
Who shun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin.  
“ Lord! do you know?” says Lady *Bell*—“ I'm told  
“ That *Jacky Dapple* got so great a Cold  
“ Last *Tuesday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there;  
“ Not a male Thing to hand one to one's Chair.  
“ Divine *Mingotti*! what a Swell has she!  
“ O! Such a Sufinito upon B!  
“ Ma'am, when she's quite in Voice she'll go to C.  
“ Lord!” says my Lady *Englis*—“ here's a Pother!  
“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”  
Her Ladyship, half choak'd with London Air,  
And brought to Town to see the Sights—and stare.  
“ Fine Singing that!—I'm sure it's more like screaming:  
“ To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women!  
“ Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—  
“ Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-Lane*?  
“ Look, look, my Lord!—She goggles!—Ha, ha, pray be quiet;  
“ Dear Lady *Bell*, for shame! You'll make a Riot.

“ Why

“ Why will they mix

“ Bring in a Bill, my Lor , to

“ We'll have a Taste A&t, faith!

“ And shut out all, that are not qualifi’d.

Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball,

Struck by the Great, then answer'd by the Small;

While we, at Times, return it to you all.

A skilful Hand will ne’er your Rage provoke;

For though it hits you, you’ll applaud the Stroke;

Let it but only glance, you’ll never frown;

Nay, you’ll forgive, tho’t knocks your Neighbour down.



**Dramatis**

## Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Governor</i> Cape,	Mr. BRANSBY.
<i>Young</i> Cape,	Mr. ROSS.
Sprightly,	Mr. USHER.
Cadwallader,	Mr. FOOTE.
Poet,	Mr. WALKER.
Vamp,	Mr. YATES.
Printer's Devil,	Mr. VAUGHAN.
Robin,	Mr. SIMSON.
 Mrs. Cadwallader,	 Mrs. CLIVE.
Miss Arabella,	Miss BARTON.

THE  
AUTHOR;

A  
COMEDY



5

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE, *and* ROBIN.

Governor.. **A**ND he believes me dead, *Robin*?

*Rob.* Most certainly.

*Gov.* You have given him no Intimation that his Fortunes might mend.

*Rob.* Not a distant Hint.

*Gov.* How did he receive the News?

*Rob.* Calmly enough: When I told him that his Hopes from abroad were at an End, that the Friend of his deceased Father thought he had done enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me with his warmest Acknowledgments to his conceal'd Benefactor; thanked me for my Care, sigh'd and left me.

B.

*Gov.*



*Rob.* Poorly, but *Gov.* how lived since?  
*Rob.* Poorly, but *Gov.* fly: To his Pen he  
 owes all his Subsistence. I am sure my Heart  
 bleeds for him: Consider, Sir, to what Tempta-  
 tions you expose him.

*Gov.* The severer his Trials, the greater his  
 Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honest In-  
 dustry, the Purchase of many Perils, be lavish'd  
 on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no o-  
 ther Merit than being born five-and-twenty  
 Years after me? No, no, *Robin*; him, and a  
 Profusion of Debts were all that the Extrava-  
 gance of his Mother left me.

*Rob.* You loved her, Sir.

*Gov.* Fondly—nay, foolishly, or Necessity  
 had not compell'd me to seek for Shelter in ano-  
 ther Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been fa-  
 vourable to my Labours, and when *George* con-  
 vinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he shall  
 share my Property; not else.

*Rob.* Consider, Sir, he has not your Oppor-  
 tunities.

*Gov.* Nor had I his Education.

*Rob.* As the World goes, the worst you cou'd  
 have given him. Lack-a-day, Learning, Learn-  
 ing, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market; no-  
 thing makes Money here, Sir, but Money; or  
 some certain fashionable Qualities that you  
 would not wish your Son to possess.

*Gov.* Learning uselefs? Impossible!—Where  
 are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Pro-  
 tectors and Patrons of the liberal Arts?

*Rob.* Patron!—The Word has lost it's Use;  
 a Guinea Subscription at the Request of a lady,  
 whose



whose Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up—Proteectors!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Islington* Turnpike in a Month, than upon all the learned Men in *Great-Britain* in seven Years.

Gov. And yet the Prefs groans with their Productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will see.

Gov. But what Apology shall we make for the Visit?

Rob.——That you want the Aid of his Profession; a well penn'd Address now, from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye; is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

*Scence draws and discovers Young CAPE with the Printer's Devil.*

*Cape.* Prythee go about thy Business——Vaniish, dear Devil.

*Devil.* Master bid me not come without the Proof; he says as how there are two other Answers ready for the Prefs, and if yours don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more Plague with you——There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Translator, never keeps me a Minute—unless the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

*Cape.* Why, you little footy, sniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your absurd Master, but I must be pester'd with your Impertinence?

*Devil.* Impertinence!--Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worship every Day in the Year—There's Master *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of Lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

*Cape.* Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this Instant, I'll shew you a shorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

*Devil.* I shall save you the Trouble—Give me the *French Book* that you took the Story from for the last Journal.

*Cape.* Take it——— (*throws it at him*)

*Devil.* What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you——

*Cape.* You shall have a larger— (*Exit Devil.* 'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are these the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious and expensive——

*Re-enter DEVIL.*

*Devil.* I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which with the two-and-a-penny, Master pals'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds* your Wash-woman, makes the three half Crowns.

*Cape.* Lay it on the Table,

*Devil.* Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you;  
by

by the Sheepishness of his Looks, and the Shabbiness of his Dress, he's either a Pick-pocket, or Poet—Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-um*, the Gentleman's at Home.

(*Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter POET.

Poet. Your Name I presume is *Cape*.

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon ; you are a gentleman that write ?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Case, in a Word is this ; I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the Muses, as you may see by their Livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope.

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the Booksellers, have.—I printed a Collection of Jest upon my own Account, and they have ever since refused to employ me ; you, Sir, I hear are in their Graces : Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of *Juvenal* in Prose ; *Tully's* Oration for *Milo*, in blank Verse ; two Essays on the *British* Herring Fishery, with a large Collection of Rebusses ; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your Distress, but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity ; you have nothing in the compiling, or index Way, that you wou'd intrust to the Care of another ?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet.

*Poet.* I'll do it at half Price.

*Cape.* I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at present to be useful to you; but if this Trifle——

*Poet.* Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

*Cape.* By no Means.

*Poet.* An Essay, or an Ode?

*Cape.* Not a Line.

*Poet.* Your very obedient.—— (*Exit Poet.*)

*Cape.* Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace* his *Mecænas*; *Martial* his *Pliny*: My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publisher; *Vamp*, the Bookseller; and *Index*, the Printer. A most noble Triumvirate; and the Rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

*Enter SPRIGHTLY.*

*Spri.* What! in Soliloquy, *George*? Reciting some of the Pleasantries, I suppose, in your new Piece.

*Cape.* My Disposition has, at present, very little of the *Vis comica*.

*Spri.* What's the Matter?

*Cape.* Survey that Mass of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

*Spri.* Why 'tis an inexhaustible Mine!

*Cape.* Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft Civility of *Billingsgate*, by a Printer's prime Minister, call'd a *Devil*.

*Spri.* I met the Imp upon the Stairs; but I thought these Midwives to the Muses, were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons.

*Cape.*

*Cape.* Our Tyrants, *Tom.* Ha— need a posthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luscious Copper Plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

*Spri.* Why don't you publish your own Works?

*Cape.* What! and paper my Room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are Secrets in all Trades; ours is one great Mystery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

*Spri.* Then why don't you divert your Attention to some other Object?

*Cape.* That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

*Spri.* How have you resolved?

*Cape.* I have, I think, at present, two Strings to my Bow; if my Comedy succeeds, it buys me a Commission; if my Mistress, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am settled for Life; but if both my Cords snap, adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Musket.

*Spri.* Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable Passion?

*Cape.* But slowly—I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a most potent Enemy in her Head: You know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

*Spri.* I expect him here every Instant. He may, *George*, be useful to you in more than one Capacity; if your Comedy is not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

*Cape.*



*Cape.* Give me a Sketch of him  
last Summer.

*Spri.* A Sketch can never convey him. His  
Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high  
Finishing.

*Cape.* Give me the Out-Lines.

*Spri.* He is a Compound of Contrarieties;  
Pride and Meanness; Folly and Archness: At the  
same Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a  
Prince of the Blood, he wou'd not scruple eating  
a fry'd Sausage at the *Mews Gate*. There is a  
Minuteness, now and then, in his Descriptions;  
and some whimsical, unaccountable Turns in  
his Conversation, that are entertaining enough:  
But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Man-  
ner, and the Boast of his Birth, compleat his  
Character.

*Cape.* But how will a Person of his Pride and  
Pedigree, relish the Humility of this Apartment?

*Spri.* Oh, he is prepar'd——You are, *George*,  
tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an ab-  
stracted Being, odd and whimsical; the Case  
with all you great Genius's: You love the snug,  
the Chimney-Corner of Life; and retire to this  
obscure Nook merely to avoid the Importunity  
of the Great.

*Cape.* Your Servant——But what Attraction  
can a Character of this kind have for Mr. *Cad-*  
*wallader*?

*Spri.* Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a  
Poet: and modestly imputes his not making a  
Figure in the learned World himself to the  
Neglect of his Education——hush! he's on the  
Stairs——on with your Cap, and open your  
Book. Remember great Dignity and Absence.

*Enter.*



Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp: Your Commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a Word, Master Cape, for your private Ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good Subscription, I reckon.

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden*; an admirable Theologist! he study'd it in *Germany*; if you should want such a Thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now; I lost Money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they be'n't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The Manuscript Sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Master Cape has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep  
C Council;

Council, *Vamp* had not kept a Shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the Year Fifteen, when I was in the treasonable Way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Consumption, so it never came to a Tryal.

*Spri.* Indeed!

*Vamp.* Never——look here (*Shews the Side of his Head.*) crop'd close!——bare as a Board!——and for nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

*Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a Proof of your Secrecy that you may rely upon my Communication.

*Vamp.* You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind Business, tho'; here, Master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking Titles for these Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largest——

*Cape.* They shall be done.

*Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like Women, Master *Cape*; to strike they must be well-dress'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handsome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatise thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy*?

*Spri.* Not that I recollect.

*Vamp.* He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden's*, or an Epistle of *Pope's* into Latin Verse in a twinkling; except  
*Peter*

*Peter Hasty* the Voyage-writer, great  
a Loss to the Trade as any within my Memory.

*Cape.* What carry'd him off?

*Vamp.* A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coin-  
ing, Master *Cape*; I thought there was some-  
thing the Matter by his not coming to our Shop  
for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

*Spri.* Were you a great Loser by his Death?

*Vamp.* I can't say;—as he had taken to  
another Course of Living, his Execution made  
a Noise; it sold me seven Hundred of his Trans-  
lations, besides his last dying Speech and Con-  
fession; I got it; he was mindful of his Friends  
in his last Moments: He was a pretty Fellow!

*Cape.* You have no farther Commands, Mr.  
*Vamp*?

*Vamp.* Not at present; about the Spring I'll  
deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of  
Volumes in Octavo.

*Spri.* Upon what Subject?

*Vamp.* I leave that to him; Master *Cape*  
knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty  
light Summer reading, and do very well at  
*Tunbridge, Bristol*, and the other watering Pla-  
ces: No bad Commodity for the *West-India*  
Trade neither; let 'em be Novels; Master *Cape*.

*Cape.* You shall be certainly supply'd.

*Vamp.* I doubt not; pray how does *Index* go  
on with your Journal?

*Cape.* He does not complain.

*Vamp.* Ah, I knew the Time—but you  
have over-stock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I  
had once lik'd to have engag'd in a Paper. We  
had got a young Cantab for the Essays; a pretty

O R.

Historian from *Aberdeen*; and an Attorney's Clerk for the true Intelligence; but I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

*Cape*. If in that Capacity I can be of any—

*Vamp*. No, thank you, Master *Cape*; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-house; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonathan's* for three Months to understand Trade and the Funds; and then, I'll start him—no, no, you have enough on your Hands; stick to your Business; and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(*Exit*.)

*Spri*. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

*Cape*. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our Business, and I knew old *Vamp* wou'd let you more into the Secret in five Minutes, than I cou'd in as many Hours.

(*Knocking below, loud.*)

*Spri*. *Cape*, to your Post; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Sister, as I live.

(*Cadwallader without*.)

Pray, by the Bye, han't you a Poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

*Cad*. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have such an Aversion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars—

*Enter*



Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and  
ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the Matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty  
Point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! *Beck, Bell*,  
there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as inge-  
nious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew?*

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tra-  
gedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he  
has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a Peep?

Spri. An Earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd Passion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas*! nor Prayers, nor  
Tears, nor supplicating Gods shall save thee  
now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the Devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas*  
*Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

Cad. Damn your Palace; I wish I was well  
out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons: Ladies,  
your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir:  
but being just on the Catastrophe of my Tra-  
gedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have  
betray'd me into some Indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a  
Genius himself, not to allow for these intem-  
perate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here, Mr. *What's-*  
*your-name?*

Cape.

*Cad.* *Cape!* True; tho' by the Bye here, hey! You live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for Exercise, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents!——but between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as soon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and so was resolv'd to make his Ward no wiser than himself, I think.

*Spri.* Oh! fye, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourself Justice.

*Cape.* Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader's* literary Acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

*Cad.* Have you?——no, no, it can't be, hey! tho' let me tell you, last Winter, before I had the Measles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian, French, German*——but I am all unhing'd; all——Oh! Lord, Mr. *Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet——ah, but she does not know what that is——a little foolish or so, but of a very good Family——here *Becky*, Child, won't you ask Mr. *Cape* to come and see you?

*Mrs. Cad.* As *Dicky* says, I shall be glad to see you at our House, Sir.

*Cape.* I have too great a Regard for my own Happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an Opportunity of creating it.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey! what?

*Cape*



The A

*Cape.* My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I say, will compell me to obey your kind Injunctions.

*Mrs. Cad.* What does he say, our *Bell*?

*Arab.* Oh, that he can have no greater Pleasure than waiting on you.

*Mrs. Cad.* I'm sure that's more his Goodness than my Desert; but when you be'nt better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Sister *Bell*, and I, at Whisk and Swabbers.

*Cad.* Hey, ecod, do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells and see what she has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—is'nt she a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he says you are as fine a Woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Veries on you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with her, talk any Nonsense to her, no Matter what; she's a damn'd Fool, and won't know the Difference—there, go, *Beck*—well, *Sprightly*, hey! what are you and *Bell* like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords and Viscounts and Earls, that take a Dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same Time, hey! will you?

*Spri.* You may depend on it.

*Cad.* Will you? Gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as  
antient

best of them, and People of Fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

*Spri.* By all manner of Means.

*Cad.* Hey! should not they so? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I shou'd take it as a Favour.

*Spri.* You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the Antiquity of your House.

*Cad.* Antiquity! hey! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree?

*Mrs. Cad.* Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

*Cad.* In the Pantry! What the Devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

*Mrs. Cad.* Lord! What signifies carrying such a lumb'ring Thing about?

*Cad.* Signifies! you are a Fool, *Beck*, why suppose we should have any Disputes when we are abroad, about Precedence? how the Devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Dispute to—— (They go apart.)

*Arab.* Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd; you are acquainted with my Brother; but what Use you propose——

*Cape.* The Pleasure of a more frequent Admission to you.

*Arab.* That all?

*Cape.* Who knows but a strict Intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes?

*Arab.*

*Arab.* A sandy Foundation! Could he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune; the Obscurity, or at least Uncertainty, of your Birth, will prove an unfurmountable Bar.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold, *Beck*; zounds! you are so——

*Spri.* Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

*Cape.* Consider we have but an Instant. What Project? What Advice?

*Arab.* O fye! You would be asham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman! Poetry is your Profession, you know; so that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

*Cape.* Is this a Season to rally?

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. *Cape*.

*Arab.* To be serious then; if you have any Point to gain with my Brother, your Application must be made to his better Part.

*Cape.* I understand you; plough with the Heifer.

*Arab.* A delicate Allusion, on my Word; but take this Hint.—Amongst her Passions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the principal.

*Cape.* Oh; that is her Foible?

*Arab.* One of them; against that Fort you must plant your Batteries——But here they are.

*Mrs. Cad.* I tell you, you are a nonsense Man, and I won't agree to any such Thing: Why what signifies a Parliament Man? You make such a Rout indeed.

*Cad.* Hold; *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Passion now, hold; let us reason the Thing a little, my Dear.

D

*Mrs. Cad.*

*Mrs. Cad.* I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oase? I won't reason, I hate Reason, and so there's an End on't.

*Cad.* Why then you are obstinate ecod, perverse, hey! But my Dear, now, *Becky*, that's a good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Deferr it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

*Cape.* Bless me, what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softness of that tender and delicate Mind.

*Arab.* Pretty well commenced.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to send our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

*Cape.* How old is Master, Ma'am?

*Mrs. Cad.* Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

*Cape.* The Intention is rather early.

*Cad.* Hey! early, hold, hold; but *Becky* mistakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

*Mrs. Cad.* You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

*Cad.* Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly*, do, stop her Mouth, hold, hold; the Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever seen my *Dicky*?

*Cape.* Never.

*Cad.* No? Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more

more Sense already, than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky!* is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a sweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you must know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Use of a School is, hey! egad, for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify Two-pence.

*Cape.* Not a Farthing.

*Cad.* Does it, hey? Now this is our Dispute, whether poor little *Dicky*, he's a sweet Boy, shall go to Mr. *Quæ-Genius's* at *Edgware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldest Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Doctor *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a Friendship with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

*Cape.* And for which does the Lady determine?

*Cad.* Why I have told her the Case; says I, *Becky*, my Dear; who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Quæ-Genius's*, but my Lord *Knap* may take such a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape*?

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher's*, who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

*Cad.* And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Master *Cape*?



*Cape.* Why Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

*Cad.* Hey! egad, and the Aldermen too, you; so *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he shall stick to *Stocks*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

*Cad.* Well, hush *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

*Cape.* You command me.

*Cad.* That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* shall step and order the Cook to toss up a little, nice—Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call 'um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough — Your Servant.

*Cape.* I am a little too much in Dishabille, to offer your Ladyship my Hand to your Coach.

*Cad.* Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

*(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab)*

*Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.*

*Cape.* Ah, Master *Robin*!

*Rob.* Why, you have a great Levée this Morning, Sir.

*Cape.* Ay *Robin*, there's no obscuring extraordinary Talents.

*Rob.* True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

*Cape*



*The*

*Cape.* Any Friend of yours : But how can I be servicable to him ?

*Rob.* Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government ; and, as you know the unsatisfied Mind of Man, no sooner is one Object possess'd, but another starts up to——

*Cape.* A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter ; I am a little busy.

*Rob.* In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is desirous of a little Honour.

*Cape.* How can I confer it ?

*Rob.* Your Pen may.

*Cape.* I don't understand you.

*Rob.* Why touch him up a handsome complimentary Address from his Colony, by way of praising the Prudence of his Administration, his Justice, Valour, Benevolence, and——

*Cape.* I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to understand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancell ; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a Person fit for your Purpose. Letters have been always my Passion, and indeed are now my Profession ; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Prostitute of Particulars : As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Resentment, or private Pique, so it shall never sacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impose Falshood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

*Gov.*

Gov. I like your Principles and Spirit; your manly Refusal gives me more Pleasure, than any Honours your Papers cou'd have procured me.

*Spri.* Now this Business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs——You dine at *Cadwallader's*?

*Cape.* I do.

*Cape.* Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way?

*Cape.* Extremely.

*Spri.* I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

*Cape.* Of what kind.?

*Spri.* Bordering upon the Dramatic; but the Time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure Performers. Let's see——*Robin* is a sure Card——A Principal may easily be met with, but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter?

*Rob.* Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an Opportunity of more closely inspecting the Conduct of your Son.

*Gov.* True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill suit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Interest I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, and the Means are honourable——

*Spri.* Innocent upon my Credit.

*Gov.* Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Task——

*Spri.* Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the Liberty——But hush! He's return'd.

*Enter*

Enter CAL

*Spri.* My dear Friend! the luckiest Circum-  
stance!

*Cad.* Hey! how? Stay, hey!

*Spri.* You see that Gentleman?

*Cad.* Well, hey!

*Spri.* Do you know who he is?

*Cad.* Not I.

*Spri.* He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*.

*Cad.* *Wowsky*? Who the Devil is he?

*Spri.* Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come  
over Ambassador from the Cham of the *Cal-*  
*mucks*.

*Cad.* Indeed!

*Spri.* His Highness has just sent me an Invi-  
tation to dine with him; now every body that  
dines with a *Tartarian* Lord, has a Right to car-  
ry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra*;  
in their Language it is *Jablanousky*.

*Cad.* *Jablanousky*! well?

*Spri.* Now if you will go in that Capacity,  
I shall be glad of the Honour.

*Cad.* Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine  
with his Royal Highness?

*Spri.* With Pleasure.

*Cad.* My dear Friend, I shall take it as the  
greatest Favour, the greatest Obligation—I  
shall never be able to return it.

*Spri.* Don't mention it.

*Cad.* Hey! but hold, hold, how the Devil  
shall I get off with the Poet? You know I have  
ask'd him to Dinner.

*Spri.*

H O R.

*Spri.* Ah, the Occasion will be Apology sufficient; besides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

*Cad.* My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thousand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince——what the Devil is his Name?——

*Spri.* *Potowowski*.

*Cape.* True; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanowsky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

*Cape.* By all means; not a Word, I beg.

*Cad.* That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after Dinner; hey! stay, but is there any Ceremony to be used with his Highness?

*Spri.* You dine upon Carpets, cross-legg'd.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd! Zounds! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

*Spri.* And his Highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his Guests that do honour to his country Soop.

*Cad.* Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

*Spri.* No, there's no Occasion for it.

*Cad.* Dear Friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a *Hobblin Wisky*. Well, I'll go and study to fit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

*Spri.* Do so.

*Cad.* His Highness *Potowowsky*! This is the luckiest Accident!

(Exit.)

*Cape.* Hah! hah! hah! but how will you conduct your Enterprize?

*Spri.*

*Spri.* We'll carry him to you Sir. *n's* ;  
 dress up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous  
 Habit ; this Gentleman shall talk a little Gibberish  
 with him. I'll compose a Soop of some nau-  
 tious Ingredients ; let me alone to manage. But  
 do you chuse, Sir, the Part we have assign'd ?

*Gov.* As it seems to be but a harmless Piece  
 of Mirth, I have no Objection.

*Spri.* Well then, let us about it ; come, Sir.

*Cape.* Mr. *Sprightly* !

*Spri.* What's the Matter ?

*Cape.* Wou'd it not be right to be a little  
 spruce, a little smart upon this Occasion ?

*Spri.* No doubt ; dress, dress, Man ; no Time  
 is to be lost.

*Cape.* Well, but *Jack*, I cannot say that at  
 present I——

*Spri.* Prythee explain. What would you say ?

*Cape.* Why then, I cannot say, that I have  
 any other Garments at Home.

*Spri.* Oh, I understand you, is that all ?  
 Here, here, take my——

*Cape.* Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite ashamed,  
 and sorry.

*Spri.* That's not so obliging, *George* ; what,  
 sorry to giye me the greatest Pleasure that——  
 But I have no time for Speeches ; I must run to  
 get ready my Soop. Come, Gentlemen,

*Rob.* Did you observe, Sir ?

*Gov.* Most feelingly ! But it will soon be o-  
 ver.

*Rob.* Courage, Sir ; Times perhaps may  
 change.

E

*Cape.**Spri.*



O. R.

*Robin!* But this  
Scheme of Life at least must be changed; for  
what Spirit, with the least Spark of Generosity  
can support a Life of eternal Obligation, and  
disagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not consult-  
ed, Genius cramp'd, and Talents misapply'd.

What Prospect have those Authors to be read

Whose daily Writings earn their daily Bread

*(Exeunt Omnes.)*

End of the First Act.

A C T

*The* A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER  
at Cards.

*Mrs.* } YOU want four, and I two, and  
*Cad.* } my Deal: Now, Knave noddy  
—no, Hearts be Trumps.

*Cape.* I beg.

*Mrs. Cad.* Will you stock 'em?

*Cape.* Go on, if you please, Madam.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hearts again——One, two, three;  
one, two,——hang 'em, they won't slip, three.  
Diamonds——the two: Have you higher than  
the Queen?

*Cape.* No, Madam.

*Mrs. Cad.* Then there's highest——and low-  
est, by Gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

*Cape.* Pshaw, hang Cards; there are other  
Amusements better suited to a tête a tête, than  
any the four Aces can afford us.

*Mrs. Cad.* What Pastimes be they?——We  
ben't enough for Hunt the Whistle, nor Blind-  
Man's Buff: but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin*  
the Butler. *Dicky* will be here an Bye.

*Cape.* Hold a Minute. I have a Game to pro-  
pose, where the Presence of a third Person, e-  
specially *Mr. Cadwallader's*, wou'd totally ruin  
the Sport.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, what can that be?

*Cape.* Can't you guess?

*Mrs. Cad.* Not I; Questions and Commands,  
mayhap.

*Cape.* absolutely that — some little Re-  
semblance ; for I am to request, and you are to  
command.

*Mrs. Cad.* Oh daisy ! that's charming, I ne-  
ver play'd at that in all my born Days ; come,  
begin then.

*Cape.* Can you love me ?

*Mrs. Cad.* Love you ! But is it in jest or earnest ?

*Cape.* That is as you please to determine.

*Mrs. Cad.* But mayn't I ask you Questions  
too ?

*Cape.* Doubtless.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why then, do you love Me ?

*Cape.* With all my Soul.

*Mrs. Cad.* Upon your Sayso.

*Cape.* Upon my Sayso.

*Mrs. Cad.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart.  
This is the rarest Pastime !

*Cape.* But you have not answer'd my Question.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey ? that's true. Why I believe  
there's no Love lost.

*Cape.* So ; our Game will soon be over ; I  
shall be up at a Deal. I wish I mayn't be en-  
gag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'.

(*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, now 'tis your Turn.

*Cape.* True ; aye ; but zooks you are too  
hasty ; the Pleasure of this Play, like Hunting,  
does not consist in immediately chopping the  
Prey.

*Mrs. Cad.* No ! How then ?

*Cape.* Why first I am to start you, then run  
you a little in View, then lose you, then un-

rave

ravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to escape me.

*You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,  
I pursue for many a Mile,  
You grow tir'd at last, and quat,  
Then I catch you, and all that.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

*Cape.* I believe you.

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quating—Hush! here's Sister; what the Deuce brought her? *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, *Mr. Poet*.

*Enter ARABELLA.*

*Arab.* Your Mantua-maker, with your new Sack, Sister.

*Mrs. Cad.* Is that all? She might have stay'd, I think.

*Arab.* What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she be'n't Jealous of *Mr. Poet*; but I'll listen, and see the End on't, I'm resolv'd. (*Aside and Exit.*)

*Arab.* Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

*Cape.* It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Consequence.

*Arab.* No Danger to your Person I hope.

*Cape.*

upon it.  
*Arab.* Which were feebly resisted.

*Cape.* Why, consider my dear *Bell*; tho' your Sister is a Fool, she is a fine Woman, and Flesh is frail.

*Arab.* Dear *Bell*! And Flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

*Cape.* Heydey! In what Corner sits the Wind now?

*Arab.* Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your Hopes.

*Cape.* That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

*Arab.* Affected!

*Cape.* You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

*Arab.* Ask your own guilty Conscience.

*Cape.* Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little Passion wou'd be no bad Presage.

*Arab.* You may prove a false Prophet.

*Cape.* Let me die, if I know what to—But to descend to a little common Sense; what Part of my Conduct——

*Arab.* Look'e, Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your Disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no Occasion—but however, I'll not be any Impediment to you; my Sister will be back immediately; I suppose my Presence will only—But consider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour——

*Cape.* Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Closet: But surely, Madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your Directions?

*Arab.*



*Arab.* That was founded on a supposition  
that—but no matter.

*Cape.* That what?

*Arab.* Why, I was weak enough to believe,  
what you was wicked enough to protest—

*Cape.* That I loved you; and what Reason  
have I given you to doubt it?

*Arab.* A pretty Situation I found you in at  
my Entrance.

*Cape.* An assumed Warmth, for the better  
concealing the Fraud.

*Mrs. Cad.* What's that? (*Aside, list'ning.*

*Cape.* Surely if you doubted my Constancy,  
you must have a better Opinion of my Under-  
standing.

*Mrs. Cad.* Mighty well. (*Aside.*

*Cape.* What an Idiot, a Driveler! no Con-  
sideration upon Earth, but my paving the way  
to the Possession of you, could have prevail'd  
upon me to support her Folly a Minute.

*Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.*

*Mrs. Cad.* Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty  
Gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught  
you. I'm not such a Fool as you think for,  
Man; but here will be *Dicky* presently, he shall  
hear of your Tricks, he shall: I'll let him know  
what a pretty Person he has got in his  
House.

*Cape.* There's no parrying this; had not I  
better decamp.

*Arab.* And leave me to the Mercy of the E-  
nemy: My Brother's Temper is so odd, there's  
no knowing in what Light he'll see this.

*Mrs. Cad.*

Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

*Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY and ROBIN.*

*Cad.* No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*, between you and I, I like his Royal Highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred Gentleman—but damn his Soop.

*Gov.* Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

*Cad.* Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Mess to be his Master's prime Minister; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been sitting these two Hours with my Legs under me 'till they are both as dead as a Herring.

*Cape.* Your Dinner displeas'd you?

*Cad.* Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a *Hobblin'wisky* again, if the great Cham of the *Calmucks* were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd Language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

*Gov.* I was long resident in the Country.

*Cad.* May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an Accent, you don't sound it through the Nose so well as he. Hey! well *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. *Cape*?

*Mrs. Cad.* Oh! here have been fine Doings since you have been gone.

*Cape.* So, now comes on the Storm.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* Hey! hold

Matter?

*Mrs. Cad.* Matter! why th  
oet, I think.

in the

*Cad.* The Devil! hold.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why here he has been making  
love to me like bewitch'd.

*Cad.* How, which Way?

*Mrs. Cad.* Why some on't was out of his  
poetry, I think.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a  
little mad; this Morning he took me for King  
Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this After-  
noon he may take you for Queen *Dido*?

*Mrs. Cad.* And there he told me I was to run,  
and to double, and quat, and there he was to  
catch me, and all that.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. *Cape*, I  
take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very  
unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my  
absence.

*Cape.* But, Sir.

*Cad.* And it was the more ungenerous, Mr.  
*Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know she  
but a foolish Woman.

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, me; who am but a foolish  
Woman.

*Cape.* But hear me.

*Cad.* A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky*!  
and for a Man of your Parts to attack——

*Cape.* There's no——

*Cad.* Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the  
Grand Signor, at the Head of his Janisaries, was  
to kick a Chimney-sweeper.

F

*Mrs.*

*Cad.*

keeper?  
Zounds! no, Beck  
hey! n only by Way of Simile, to let  
him and your Tropes, and Figures  
as we himself, egad! and therefore—

*Spri.* Nay, but Mr. *Cadwallader*—

*Cad.* Don't mention it, Mr. *Sprightly*; he is  
the first Poet I ever had in my House, except  
the Bellman for a Christmas-box.

*Spri.* Good Sir.

*Cad.* And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall  
be the last.

*Spri.* I have but one Way to silence him.

*Cad.* And let me tell you—

*Spri.* Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes  
his Reception here to my Recommendation  
any Abuse of your Goodness, any Breach of  
Hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him  
give it him home.

*Spri.* Ungrateful Monster! and is this your  
Return for the open, generous Treatment—

*Mrs. Cad.* As good fry'd Cow-heel, with  
roast Fowl and Sauages, as ever came to a Table

*Cad.* Hush, *Beck*, hush!—

*Spri.* And cou'd you find no other Object  
but Mr. *Cadwallader*; a Man, perhaps, possessor  
of a Genius superior to your own—

*Cad.* If I had had a University Education—

*Spri.* And of a Family as old as the Creation

*Cad.* Older; *Beck*, fetch the Pedigree.

*Spri.* Thus far relates to this Gentleman  
but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me  
who was your Passport, your Security?

The

Cad. Zounds, none; fight

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myre, had  
not had the Measles last Winter; but stay till I  
get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a Protection here, the  
presence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, Pox! they belong to the Family,  
never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No Excuse?  
No Palliation?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no Tribulation? It's a Shame,  
it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak——

Cad. Speak! what the Devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, how-  
ever.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you  
seem most interested; pray does this Charge  
correspond with any other Action of my Life,  
since I have had the Honour to know you?——

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but  
as the Scholiasts says—*Nemo repente turpis-  
simus*.

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is  
bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By Gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: Speak a little more  
Latin to him; if I had been bred at the Uni-  
versity, you shou'd have it both Sides of your  
Ears.



O. R.  
Gentlemen; now, Sir,  
to please yourself to drop a few  
His Weakness; might not she  
take seriously, what was meant as a mere  
Matter of Merriment?

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold,.

*Spri.* A paltry Excuse; can any Woman be  
such a Fool as not to know when a Man has  
Design upon her Person?

*Cad.* Answer that, Mr. *Cape*, hey! Answer  
that.

*Cape.* I can only answer for the Innocency  
of my own Intentions; may not your Lady, apprehensive  
of my becoming too great a Favorite, contrive this Charge with a View of  
destroying the Connexion——

*Spri.* Connexion!

*Cad.* Hey! hold, hold, Connexion.

*Spri.* There's something in that——

*Cad.* Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad,  
he is right——You're right, Mr. *Cape*; hold, hold,  
*Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil could you be  
so wicked, hey! Child; ecod, hold, hold, how  
could you have the Wickedness to attempt  
to destroy the Connexion?

*Mrs. Cad.* I don't know what you say.

*Cad.* D'ye hear? You are an Incendiary,  
you have mis'd your Point; the Connexion  
will be only the stronger: My dear Friend, I beg  
thousand Pardons, I was too hasty; but ecod,  
*Becky's* to blame.

*Cape.* The Return of your Favour has effaced  
every other Impression.

*Cad.* There's a good-natured Creature!

*Cape.* But remaining, this Lady, y  
do me the Justice to own—

*Mrs. Cad.* Ay, ask my Fellow, if I be a  
a Thief,

*Cad.* What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

*Mrs. Cad.* She's as bad as he.

*Cad.* Bad as he? Hey! how; what the De-  
vil, she did not make Love to you too? Stop,  
hey! hold, hold, hold.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why no, Foolish, but you are al-  
ways running on with your Riggmonrowles, and  
won't stay to hear a Body's Story out.

*Cad.* Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

*Mrs. Cad.* Be quiet then; why, as I was tel-  
ling you, first he made Love to me, and wanted  
me to be a Hare.

*Cad.* A Hare! hold, ecod, that was whim-  
fical; a Hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be  
because he thought you a little hair-brain'd al-  
ready: *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well,  
*Beck*, go on, lets have it out.

*Mrs. Cad.* No, I won't tell you no more, so  
I won't.

*Cad.* Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hold your Tongue then: And so  
there he was going on with his Nonsense, and  
so in come our *Bell*; and so——

*Cad.* Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's;  
go on, Child, but leave out your So's; its a  
low——hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

*Mrs. Cad.* Why how can I go on, when you  
stop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell*  
came in and interrupted him, and methought  
she looked very frumpish and jealous.

*Cad.*

*Cad.*

*Mr.*

and listen'd.

*Co*

said and listen'd?

*Mrs. Cad.* No, I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no——upon my going out, she staid.

*Cad.* This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck*.

*Mrs. Cad.* And then at first she scolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

*Cad.* Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst Teller of a Story——

*Mrs. Cad.* Well, I have but a Word more; and then he said as how I was a great Fool.

*Cad.* Not much mistaken in that. (*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Cad.* And that he wou'd not have stay'd with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Possession of She.

*Cad.* Well, *Beck*, well?

*Mrs. Cad.* And so——that's all.

*Cad.* Make Love to Her, in Order to get Possession of You?

*Mrs. Cad.* Love to Me, in Order to get She.

*Cad.* Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! *Mr. Cape*?

*Cape.* How shall I act?

*Rob.* Own it, Sir, I have a Reason.

*Cad.*

*Cad.* We  
have it, without  
hold, men *Resen*

*Cape.* Of what, Sir?

*Cad.* Of what? Hold,  
to *Bell*.

*Cape.* Guilty.

*Cad.* Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what  
not with an Intention to marry her?

*Cape.* With the Lady's Approbation, and  
your kind Consent.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, what my Consent to mar-  
ry You?

*Cape.* Ay, Sir.

*Cad.* Hold, hold, hold, what our *Bell*? To  
mix the Blood of the *Cadwalladers* with the  
Puddle of a Poet?

*Cape.* Sir?

*Cad.* A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

*Spri.* But Mr.——

*Cad.* A scribbling, hold, hold, hold——  
Garretteer? that has no more Cloaths than  
Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes  
to his Feet.

*Spri.* Nay, but——

*Cad.* The Offspring of a Dunghill! Born in  
a Cellar, hold, hold, and living in a Garret;  
a Fungus, a Mushroom.

*Cape.* Sir, my Family——

*Cad.* Your Family! Hold, hold, hold, *Peter*,  
fetch the Pedigree; I'll shew you——Your  
Family! a little obscure——hold, hold, I don't  
believe you ever had a Grandfather.

*Enter*

it on  
befir  
Mon  
Sprightly,  
to stretch  
hold, of Lineals,  
expect next  
s Office; d'ye see, Mr.

*Spri.* Prodigious!

*Cad.* Nay, but look'e, there's *Welch* Princes,  
and Ambassadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and  
Members of Parliament: Hold, hold, ecod,  
I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedit-  
gree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a  
Serjeant in the Train'd Bands.

*Spri.* An amazing Descent!

*Cad.* Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy  
Son of a Shoe-maker, to talk of Families—hold,  
hold, get out of my House.

*Rob.* Now is your Time, Sir.

*Cad.* Mr. *Sprightly*, turn him out.

*Gov.* Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to disclose,  
that may make you alter your Intentions.

*Cad.* Hold, hold: how, Mr. *Interpreter*?

*Gov.* You are now to regard that young Man  
in a very different Light, and consider him as  
my Son.

*Cape.* Your Son, Sir?

*Gov.* In a Moment, *George*, the Mysteries  
shall be explain'd.

*Cad.* Your Son? Hold, hold; and what then?

*Gov.* Then! Why then he is no longer the  
Scribbler, the Mushroom you have described,  
but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

*Cad.* What! the Son of an Interpreter equal  
to



of Languages.

Gov. A Teacher, Lar.

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to wic. urs and Marquiffes!

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Nose for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and Change for half a Crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Christmas for the Diversion of Children!

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir; who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuse your Behaviour to this Gentleman, but your mistaking his Person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a Mistake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and, by a long Residence in the Monarch's Country, is perfect Master of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemish'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our most considerable Settlements,

G

Cad.

am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education, was no other than myself; I had my Reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my Son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling.*) but if Gratitude, Duty filial——

Gov. Rise, my Boy; I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my Toil; the Rest of my Story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old Fellow this; but, hark'e, *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand Pardons; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your Power sufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your Sister, with, I flatter myself, no great Violence to her Inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely——hey! Will you?

*Arab*. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himself;

There, the.

Brother Governor—

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

*Cad.* Hey, *Beck*! Here's something new for my Pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

*Mrs. Cad.* Hark'e, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey?

*Cad.* Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck*.

*Spri.* Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations; but—

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested Friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over, and my Wishes full; and if *George* remains as untainted by Affluence, as he has been untampted by Distress, I have given the Poor a Protector, his Country an Advocate, and the World a Friend.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

F I N I S.

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